

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE.

Published Weekly by The Bee Publishing Company, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

Price, 5c Per Copy—Per Year, \$2.00.

Entered at the Omaha Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter.

For Advertising Rates Address Publisher.

Communications relating to photographs or articles for publication should be addressed, "Editor The Illustrated Bee, Omaha."

Pen and Picture Pointers



ALL ages mankind has paid the tribute of respect to the man of strength and agility. It is the aim of all young men at least to be strong and active, and to excel in some degree in athletic sports. Games of all sorts have been devised for the purpose of testing the skill and endurance of the muscular youth, and while all may not succeed in winning any particular eminence, all at least come to understand the principles underlying the contests, and know enough of their application to appreciate the ability of those who do win distinction in their practice. It is a singular commentary on the bent of mankind that the idea back of this development of the physical side was to establish the fitness of the youth for the purposes of war. To be fitted for a place in the ranks of the army the young man must be as near perfect physically as possible. Even today, the most rigid examination given anywhere is the physical for admission to the army or navy. But in the quieter walks of life the value of a strong and evenly developed body is appreciated, and much effort is expended in the direction of training the muscles of boys and young men to the end that they may be of the greatest possible service. One of the great agencies in this direction is the Turner societies, either German or Bohemian, among whose ranks are found many athletes whose physical development and capabilities would be a credit to any professional. Indeed, the ranks of professional athletes and acrobats are recruited in a large measure from these schools of instruction. The state contest of the Bohemian Turner societies of Nebraska, held at Wilber recently, developed the fact that the work has not been neglected, but that the young men are just as active and energetic as were their fathers, so that the name "turner" still retains its significance in connection with acrobatic and gymnastic exercises. It is only natural that Omaha should win first prize, having the greater number from which to draw a class for competition, but Wilber, in taking second, showed that the smaller communities are not lagging in interest.

Another form of outdoor sport that has been popular since the very beginning of things is racing. It matters not what the race is, nor its conditions, it finds followers

and excites men and women alike. During the time of the bicycle's popularity the "speed merchant" was king. As the public dropped away from the wheel, the interest in the racer went down, until he has almost disappeared. The coming of the motor-propelled vehicle has revived some of the interest in this form of racing, but it is doubtful if the pitch it formerly attained will ever be equaled. In some parts of the world, notably in France, much attention has been paid to motor racing, but the danger to participants and spectators alike has been so marked that the authorities have been compelled to interfere to save lives. In the recent attempt to race from Paris to Madrid the loss of life in the early stage of the run was so great that the undertaking was stopped by the police. In no part of the United States has any such race been undertaken, nor is it likely that it will be. In Omaha the first races between autos were held last Sunday. While there are a great many of the machines in use in this city, none of them are of the racing type, and consequently the exhibition was unattended by any of the elements of danger that have marked the motor races in other places. But the big road machines are capable of being driven at a reasonably high rate of speed, as shown by the fact that in one race three miles were covered at a rate of thirty miles an hour, which is surely fast enough for the average man to want to go on a turnpike.

Frank E. Bullard of North Platte, who has been called upon to direct the affairs of the grand lodge of Masons of Nebraska for the next term, is a Mason of thirty years' experience. He was given the degrees by Fremont lodge No. 15 in 1873. In 1875 he was given the Royal Arch degrees by Deuel chapter No. 11 at Grand Island and in the same year was made a Knight Templar by Lebanon commandery No. 6 also at Grand Island. His connection with Masonry has been active since the first and he has been called upon to hold high office in the division of the fraternity on several occasions. He was grand high priest of the Royal Arch Masons of Nebraska during 1895-6 and was grand commander of the Knights Templar of the state during the term of 1902-3. Mr. Bullard is a native of Pennsylvania, being born at Montrose, that state, in January, 1848. He has been a resident of Nebraska since 1871, with the exception of four years, when he was stationed at Cheyenne. All this time he has been in the service of the Union Pacific company and has been chief clerk in the office of the assistant superintendent of the western district of the Nebraska division since its establishment in 1882.

At the twenty-ninth annual communication of the grand lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, held in Deadwood on June 9, 1903, Byron P. Dague was elected grand master. Mr. Dague is a resident of Deadwood and received his blue lodge degrees in Deadwood lodge No. 7, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, in 1893. He

subsequently passed through all of the chairs and in 1895 was made master of the lodge. He occupied the master's chair for five years. He was one of the best masters Deadwood lodge ever had and, as he was an enthusiastic Mason, he gave an added interest to all affairs Masonic and inspired the members to greater effort. In 1895 he took the Royal Arch degrees and after passing through the intermediate chairs was elected high priest in 1897. He took the Knight Templar degrees in 1901 and at the present time is generalissimo of Deadwood commandery. He took the Scottish rite degrees in 1893 and in 1895 was elevated to the office of knight commander of the Court of Honor. In 1901 he was made an honorary thirty-third degree Mason in Washington, D. C. Mr. Dague was born in Wayne county, Ohio, on a farm near Wooster on Friday, October 13, 1853. His parents moved to Minneapolis, Minn., in the spring of 1855. Since then until April, 1877, Mr. Dague made his home in that city, graduating from its public schools. In 1877 he went to the Black Hills and took a position in one of the Deadwood banks, remaining in the banking business until 1893, when he went into business for himself. In 1893 he became assistant cashier of the First National bank, which position he held until 1895, when he left the banking business to enter business for himself, and now represents several of the most prominent fire insurance companies in the United States in the Hills. He was married in June, 1879, to Mary E. Hoy of Minneapolis and they have had three children born to them, one boy, who recently attained his majority (and who has the proud distinction of being one of the few Masons who have had the third degree conferred upon them by their own father) and two girls, one of whom is a young woman.

Bruce Fleming of Missouri Valley, Ia., is a young man who is winning his way in the world. He is a native of Missouri Valley and is now 25 years old. After being graduated from the high school of his native town he attended the University of Nebraska and there took the course in the law school, and is now just entering on the practice of his profession at his home. His father, Mr. R. G. Fleming, is an old-time railroad man and is well known in Nebraska, having been employed for many years as a conductor on the Union Pacific.

Lawrence T. Pillsbury of Fremont is another Nebraska boy to win high honors in the scientific world. He was recently given the William T. Lusk memorial prize, which is offered by the Bellevue Medical college of New York annually for the best original scientific work done by any member of the student body. Dr. Pillsbury is now attached to the house staff of Bellevue hospital in New York. He was born at Fremont in 1874 and after being graduated from the high school there took a course at the University of Nebraska, taking a degree there. He then studied medicine at the Gross Medical college in Denver and was given the degree of doctor of medicine there. For some years he was in the serv-

ice of the Colorado Fuel and Iron company, in the hospital at Pueblo, and in charge of large camps established by the company. He left Colorado last year to complete his studies at Bellevue college, New York, entering the senior year. His thesis, which won him the William T. Lusk prize, the highest in the gift of Bellevue, was based on bacteriological research, and has been published in some of the leading medical journals.

One of the June weddings in Nebraska which attracted considerable attention was that of Mr. Jacob Wolf of North Platte to Miss Beulah Gwendolyn Elson of Plattsmouth. It was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents on Wednesday, June 24, in the presence of a large assemblage of relatives and friends. Rabbi Schawb of St. Joseph, Mo., pronouncing the ceremony. The affair was one of the most pretentious in a social way in the annals of Plattsmouth and was made the occasion of much rejoicing and merrymaking among the members of the wedding party. After the ceremony and the festivities that followed, Mr. and Mrs. Wolf left for a long wedding tour of the eastern watering places.

Schuyler's high school was a little behind the others of the state in graduating its class of 1903, but the picture published in this number does not indicate that the members of the class are one whit behind the others so far as mental attainments go. If the faces are any indication, the 1903 class of the Schuyler high school is one that any community might feel proud of.

This is the natural season for picnics, and one of the most hilarious of all the list was that held in a private grove in the northwestern part of the city a few days ago. Some charitably inclined young women decided to give a few urchins whose homes in the city are not pleasantly located a good time. These women didn't wait for help, but simply loaded up a couple of trolley cars with youngsters of every shade and condition of poverty and hauled them away to where the grass is long and thick and green, and where the shade is cast by trees that were growing before the white men came to Omaha. Here the little folks were turned out to do whatever they elected, and if at any time the fun seemed to lag or fall short, the women who engineered the affair took a hand and the result was that the old grove never heard such shouting and laughter as on that day. All the regulation picnic accessories had been added, and the substantial and dainty things to go to make up a picnic lunch were plenty, so that each hungry stomach was filled, as in all likelihood they were never filled before. And, finally, when the sun had gone down on the most enjoyable day any of them had ever spent, the promoters and the beneficiaries climbed back into the trolley cars, and the picnic was over. The Bee photographer went out during the afternoon and preserved some of the fun by making several pictures, some of which are reproduced in this number.

Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

SHERMAN BELL, a rough rider friend of the president, has just been married at Colorado Springs and has accepted an invitation to spend part of his honeymoon at White House. There is no little talk in Washington, by the way, over the fact that such a large force of policemen is kept on guard over the executive family. The wife of a man who not long ago was a prominent official wished to leave cards at the White House before leaving town, but was subjected to such officious interference from the policemen that she departed without doing so.

Grim old Oom Paul Kruger, tragic wanderer from the Transvaal, is in lonely retirement at Mentone. He wears a somewhat smart frock coat and black trousers, and the familiar stovepipe hat, bound with heavy black crape, and walks with a cane. A policeman disperses the bearers of cameras in front of the villa when the former president enters the house daily, about noon, after a morning spent in the garden. The old man is by no means decrepit and looks in good health. He prefers the company of his own thoughts to intercourse with strangers.

In former years John D. Rockefeller's supervision of Standard Oil company affairs took in even the smallest detail. On one occasion, commenting on a monthly statement, he called a reformer's attention to a discrepancy in regard to bungs, articles worth about as much in a refinery as pins are in a household. "Last month," he said to the subordinate official concerned, "you reported on hand 1,119 bungs. Ten thousand were sent you at the beginning of this month. You have used 9,527 this month. You report 1,012 on hand. What has become of the other 559?" Apparently Mr. Rockefeller's idea was: "Take care of the bungs and the barrels will take care of themselves."

Eugene H. Lehman, the young Colorado student, who was the first American to be

awarded the Rhodes scholarship at Oxford, is a self-made student. His credentials were indisputable, for they showed a percentage higher than those submitted by a score of other students.

Naturally, he had to submit to the interviews of boys' journals and "success" papers, so that his career might be the inspiration for other struggling youths.

"How did you manage to work your way through college so successfully?" asked an important representative of a very important journal.

"By keeping my shoulder to the wheel," replied Lehman, tartly.

The answer will be appreciated when it is understood that young Lehman worked his way through Yale with money earned in pushing an invalid in her chair for 25 cents an hour.

The London Chronicle says that a good deal of surprise is expressed at the fact—if it be a fact—that Lord Curzon should wish to extend the term of his viceroyalty in India. When he took up that exalted position he was in his fortieth year, and it was admitted that he might spend five years in the east without unduly handicapping his political career. Lord Curzon accepted an Irish peerage for the special reason that he would be able to return to the House of Commons, but the opportunity will not, in the course of nature, last many years, for his father, Lord Scarsdale, to whose title he will succeed, will be 72 next month.

In his present position Lord Curzon works fourteen hours a day. He starts in the early morning, works till half past 1—or lunch time—he gives an hour and a half to the numerous guests he has, then he works again till dinner time; at 10:30 he leaves his dinner guests, goes to his study and remains there till 2 o'clock in the morning. He seldom spends more than an hour and a half in the open air each day. And he works at this high pressure wherever he may be—on board a steamer, in a

railway or when resting at one of his temporary dwellings during his tours. And yet those who meet him as his guest can scarce realize that he is so terrible a worker.

The president of the New York Stock exchange is one of the most important personages in the great metropolitan city, for upon his action sometimes depend the fortunes of thousands of financiers. That position is now held by Rudolph Keppeler. He has completed recently his fifth term of service. He spends an hour a day probably in the executive offices of the exchange, the remainder of his time being taken up with his own business at 25 Broad street. He receives no salary as president of the exchange, although like work at any other financial institution would command a handsome reward.

Canon Cattley, who died at Gloucester, England, the other day, used to tell a story of how on one of his visits to Gloucester Mr. Gladstone kept a rule of the cathedral in the letter while breaking it in the spirit. Mr. Gladstone was conducted over the building by a verger named Cross—a man of unusual culture—whose account of the features of interest was more intelligent than such expositions usually are. The statesman, highly pleased, tendered a tip of half a sovereign. The man respectfully declined the gift as against the rules. Mr. Gladstone dropped the piece of gold on the floor. "There," he said, "the rules will not prevent you from picking it up." And they didn't.

Colonel Mills, superintendent of the West Point academy, has a reputation for sternness even among army men. Years ago, when he first took command of the post at Buffalo, he found that station extremely lax in discipline and it was no secret among his friends that he proposed to work some reforms. Shortly after his installation he was one day annoyed by the receipt of a telegram from a subordinate off on a fur-

lough, which read: "Will not report today, as expected, account unavoidable circumstances."

The tone of the message was not at all to Colonel Mills' mind, and he wired at once in reply: "Report as expected or give reasons."

Within an hour the following message came over the wires from a hospital in New York:

"Train off; can't ride; legs off; can't walk. Will not report unless you insist."

The colonel did not insist.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, or "C-B," as he is called by his colleagues, was allowed even by Mr. Parnell to be a "very good fellow." He is one of those Scotchmen who can thoroughly understand a joke and he is the first to appreciate the irony of fate which has made the descendant of a family who were hereditary banner bearers to the kings of Scotland leader of the advanced radical party. It is often said that "C-B" would have made an ideal speaker, but fate decided otherwise, and though he may not be an ideal leader no man is so personally popular, not only with his followers, but with his opponents, among whom, by the way, sits his own brother, James Alexander Campbell.

J. A. Chaffee, famous as the original of Bret Harte's pathetic story, "Tennessee's Pardner," has been placed in a sanitarium at Oakland, Cal. Chaffee has lived since 1860 in a small Tuolumne county mining camp with his partner, Chamberlain. In the early days he saved Chamberlain from the vigilance committee by a plea to Judge Lynch when the vigilantes had a rope around the victim's throat. It was the only case on record in the county where the vigilantes gave way in such a case. Chamberlain was accused of stealing the miners' gold, but Chaffee cleared him, as every one believed Chaffee. The two men then settled down to live where they have remained ever since, washing enough placer gold to maintain them. Both are over 80.